BACK TO PRESENT...
OKAY, FLIP ON THE UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR. OPEN A FREQUENCY TO THAT SHIP. TIME TO GET THIS PARTY STARTED.
I DEMAND THAT YOU HALT IMMEDIATELY TO DISCUSS THE TERMS OF YOUR SURRENDER.
DUDE, THIS IS A RECIPE FOR A SPACESHIP IN THE FACE.
No way. Don't you remember Tiananmen Square, that guy standing in front of the tanks? This is our chance for the Intergalactic History Books. A lone hero against the might of an imperial--
SPLAT

OH, NO. THEY GOT ME. WHATEVER SHALL I DO?
MERYL STREEP YOU AIN'T, LADY.
LAUNCH THE ROCK, KID.
METEORS AWAY. IF THE COMPUTER'S CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT...
FFZZZZZZZT!
"...THE MOON'S GRAVITY PULL WILL SLINGSHOT IT AROUND...
FWOOSH!
"...AND SHOOT IT TOWARD THE TARGET PLANET."
SNAP!
CHILD'S PLAY.
SWELL.
YOU READ ME, CHAMP? WE'VE LAUNCHED THE ROCK.

THIS IS NOT HOW THE WORLD ENDS.
JONATHAN HICKMAN • DUSTIN WEAVER
S.H.I.E.L.D.
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